

# Epitome

## Butterfingers

Out of out of an observation through an undead nation  
Should I believe in things I've never thought is right  
A narrow opening, lips burning, drink too sour

And if you see a kite we could be flying high And if it's ok that now you're laughing over someone

And i'm sure you will have a happy time to be

And if you touch the sky your feet hand glide on upside  
The smile is seize to siege for everybody so...

Why ? And I was wrong quite right cha' never told me to shut up  
There are crazy things that trying to be hide

I stay awake all night as long as I have me... hey...

Bury a cheese of mice so we could be nice for life How ? how ? how ?

Hooo... Oooo

Hooo... Oooo

So i need you...

Out of out an... yeah...

Lyrics provided by  
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